And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele stap the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state:
Our men be vanquisht, ere they doe resist,
And subiects punnisht that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and soule to lanquish,
And punnish that before that he would punnish.

Enter all the Lord With Pericles.

1 *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred breast:

2. *Lord* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowe, blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
To which that spake giues heart and stronger
Glowing whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When *signiour* sooth here does proclayme peace,
Hee flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I can not be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-looke
What shipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs, *Hellicanus* thou hast
Moou'd vs: what seest thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,

From

From whence they haue their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from

Hell. I haue ground the Axe my selfe,
Doe but you strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prethee rise, sit downe thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Counseller, and seruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisedome makes a Prince thy seruant,
What wouldst thou haue me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience such griefes, as you your selfe doe lay vpon your selfe.

Per. Thou speakest like a Physition *Hellicanus*,
That minister a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Where as thou knowest (against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty
From whence an issue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to subiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (harke in thine eare) as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found the sinfull father,
Seem'de not to strike, but smooth: But thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare, when Tyrants seeme to kisse.
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares:
And should he doo't as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listning ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloods were shed,
To keepe his bed of blackness vnlayd ope,